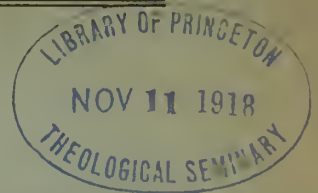


# A Religion of Freedom and Earnestness



VOL. XXII

No. 4

## The American McAll Record

ISSUED BY THE BOARD OF THE McALL MUSEUM IN FITZMA

December, 1904

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# THE AMERICAN McALL RECORD

PUBLISHED BY THE

AMERICAN McALL ASSOCIATION, February, April, October  
and December.

BUREAU, ROOM 21, 1710 CHESTNUT STREET  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

SINGLE SUBSCRIPTION, Four numbers with Annual Report, postpaid, 25 cents a year. CLUB RATES twenty or more subscriptions: To one address, 15 cents a year; to separate addresses, 20 cents a year.

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Entered at the Post-Office, Philadelphia, Pa., as second-class matter

# The AMERICAN McALL RECORD

VOLUME XXII

DECEMBER, 1904

NUMBER 4

The *Semaine Religieuse*, of Geneva, Switzerland, has opened a subscription for the emergency fund of thirty thousand dollars needed by the McAll Mission, as mentioned in the October number. This shows the esteem in which the Mission is held in that city. It will be remembered that many years ago a Swiss lady, learning of the McAll Mission, contributed the first money for the establishment of a popular Mission "like Mr. McAll's" in Geneva. It has been doing excellent work ever since.

The removal of Mrs. William Soltau to London does not lessen her interest in the finances of the Mission, nor her efforts to aid in this behalf. For years she has annually organized a November Sale or Fair for the benefit of the Mission, and though so far removed from its scene, she has arranged for this year's sale, being ably seconded by Mlle Louise Sautter, who, we believe, is the daughter of the President of the Paris Board. The sale was to take place on November 16th and 17th, too late for tidings of the result to reach this number of THE RECORD.

A very wide circle of American friends will sympathize with M. Henri and M. Charles Merle d'Aubigné in the loss of their mother, Mme Jean Henri Merle d'Aubigné, who died on September 3d, after a brief illness, at the age of seventy-eight years. Mme Merle d'Aubigné was the second wife of the historian of the Reformation, to whom she was married in 1858. She was of Irish extraction, her maiden name being Fanny

Hardy. She was the mother of two sons, both of them pastors and both well known in America, and of two daughters, both of whom married pastors. Since her widowhood, which occurred in 1872, Mme Merle d'Aubigné had mainly resided in or near Geneva, where her distinguished husband was a professor in the theological school of the Oratoire. She had always maintained her interest in the students of this school, as well as in various works of Christian education, temperance, evangelization and missions.

Mrs. Louise Seymour Houghton, the able editor of the RECORD, sailed for Syria on October 29th. She will be much missed during her year's absence, but the RECORD will be issued as usual. Communications for the RECORD may be sent to the Bureau, Room 21, 1710 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

The Grenelle hall having been closed for necessary repairs, it was finally reopened on the evening of October 9th, a large number of friends and well wishers being present. The speakers were M. Sautter, the President, and the two pastors of the church (for Grenelle is a church), M. Lenoir and M. Escande. It is a great thing that a humble little hall of the McAll Mission has become a church of sufficient importance to have two pastors; but Grenelle church, with its important Javel mission, has reached that point. The people are greatly rejoicing that their new assistant pastor, M. Elisée Escande, is their former missionary pastor. Those who were interested in Grenelle half a dozen years or more ago will remember that M. Escande was in charge of the hall when word came from Madagascar that the missionaries Minault and Escande had been treacherously murdered by natives. That missionary Escande was the cousin of M. Elisée Escande, and at once the latter offered to take his martyred cousin's place. Since that time until a few months ago he and his wife have been in Madagascar. Impaired health compelled them to return, and after the usual campaign of missionary addresses, they have settled down, temporarily, in their old Grenelle work. Grenelle, though still in some respects belonging to the McAll Mission, is a church belonging to the Union of Free Churches.

## MADAME LEGAY

Our work in France has suffered an irreparable loss in the death, on October 17th, of Madame LeGay, for thirty years one of the Mission's most untiring and devoted friends. The following letter from Mr. Brown tells of her last hours.

An account of her life will appear in the February RECORD.

DEAR MRS. WAYLAND: Your letter of October 14th was duly received by Mr. LeGay, who was in great trouble. He handed it over to me and asked me to thank the ladies of the Board for their sympathy. Helas! Mrs. LeGay passed away a few days before your letter arrived, after days and months of great suffering. Everything that could be done was tried to soothe her pain and relieve her. A daily visit of an American doctor, the X-rays, a specialist, all in vain, and it was a relief to all of us who visited her when she fell asleep on Monday, the seventeenth of October, to be with her Lord.

The funeral service took place at the American Church. Forty of our women attended and wept, for they have lost a friend in need, a friend indeed. At my last visit, when in great suffering, Mr. LeGay said, "Mr. Brown, wait a little; she is very bad, but wants to see you." Her mind dwelt upon others, not upon self. She asked, "Have the widows received their help towards their rents? I forget—is it paid?" "Yes," I said, "paid October 8th." Then we repeated the 14th of John and I prayed. Then she sent her love to persons she named and turned to me, saying, "Mr. Brown, how long have we worked together—more than twenty years—and more to follow." Heaven was to her service. "Remember me to all my friends. Good-bye." "*Au revoir,*" and, weeping, we left her. Now it is well. Wednesday she had arranged for the opening of the mothers' meeting and ordered the wool for their work, and the bills came in after her death, before the funeral. Next Wednesday we hold a memorial meeting, and as it was her custom to offer the women a broche and cup of coffee, an American lady offers this in her memory.

We have lost a friend. Mrs. LeGay had her portrait taken by request, as a present to our women. I don't know if you would like one; two hundred are to be printed.

Yours sincerely,

S. R. BROWN,  
*Salle New York.*

**A FORWARD STEP AT NICE**

Mme Rombeau is making remarkable progress in her work among the young girls of Nice. Last March she formed a number of them into a local section of the International Society of the Friends of the Young Girl. This society, unknown on this side of the water, is doing an admirable work in several European countries, confessional differences being by it ignored, and Catholics and Protestants alike partaking of its advantages. The Committee in Nice includes not only representatives of all the French-speaking churches of the city, but also representatives of the Scottish and German churches, the members of the committee being twelve in number. Mme Rombeau's wish, however, was to bring the girls of the Mission into an organization definitely religious, the above-named society being necessarily rather social than religious in its workings. The number of girls prepared for such grouping must be unusually large for the Mission has rented for their use two apartments on the first floor of a house. These furnish a hall for the meetings of the two sections of the Young Women's Christian Association, now organized, with several bedrooms, and a large hall for meetings of all sorts, and for a low-price restaurant.

This large provision for the needs of working girls entails considerable expense, nevertheless the rent is in part assured, and it is expected that the restaurant will be self-supporting. Doubtless the rent of the bedrooms will help to pay the rent. Two young women have offered themselves as volunteers for the active work of the establishment—the household labor. This is a very beautiful expression of their desire to serve Christ.

"We are happy," writes Mme Rombeau, "that the Lord has made clear the way for us to open, in this city where sin is so sumptuously lodged, a family Christian home, where every woman may receive an affectionate welcome." Every American woman will wish Mme Rombeau God-speed in her important work.

**FRANCE'S NEED OF ENLIGHTENMENT**

From Roubaix comes an item which once again makes clear the great need of France for precisely the sort of religious enlightenment which radiates from the McAll Mission. Roubaix has lately received a visit from M. Jules Guesde, who is the leader in the Chamber of Deputies of the extreme Socialist party (*Guesdistes*). Our readers are already aware that there are four Socialistic parties in France. Together they form an overwhelming majority in the Chambers, and it is only their difference of opinion which keeps them from gaining the ascendancy in the country. The more reasonable Socialists, headed by the able Senator and Cabinet officer, Jules Jaurès, are partisans of "free thought," and strongly anti-clerical, but are far from anti-religious. Unfortunately the majority of the party do not know that there is any other form of Christianity than Romanism. The other extreme, the Guesdist party, are rampant atheists as well as Socialists; "neither God nor master" is their watchword, and it is this party that has more than once attempted to make it a criminal offence "for parents to speak to their children of religion." It is their clamorous insistence which accounts for the extremely drastic character of the Briand Disestablishment bill, about to be introduced into the Chamber. That bill will assuredly be greatly modified before it becomes a law; as it now stands it would practically confiscate all church property, and leave Protestants and Catholics alike in something like the condition of the United Free Church of Scotland since the House of Lords gave all its property to the thirty-one churches of the "Wee Free Kirk."

This is precisely what the Guesdists hope to accomplish, and in his speech at Roubaix M. Jules Guesde soundly berated M. Jules Jaurès for his leniency toward the churches. With the quarrels of party leaders we have nothing to do; but the part of M. Guesde's speech which is of interest to us is his assertion that disestablishment, even if voted, "would not advance the country; the same system exists in the United States, and there is not a country in the world more rotten with clericalism."

It is hardly M. Jules Guesde's fault that he cannot distinguish between a country which is (or is believed to be)

frankly religious without being clerical and one in which, as in France in recent years, the influence of Romanism has been felt at its worst. The *Eglisé Libre*, commenting on M. Guesde's address, remarks that for a rotten country the United States holds its own pretty well. "We can desire nothing better for France, our dear fatherland, than the liberty, the life, the development of the United States."

The editor greatly longs for an opportunity to make clear to M. Guesde the difference between Christianity and clericalism. "The first has made the greatness, the astounding prosperity of the United States; the second has lost and ruined Spain." M. Guesde's utterances are "sacred" to his party, who hang upon them as few Christians hang upon those of Christ. It is impossible that any argument, any illustration from facts, should change their views. The only hope of saving France from being plunged into disaster by these multitudes of misguided men, is in the presentation of the pure Gospel to the people. This is the view of the celebrated Professor Doumergue, an extract from whose writings is given elsewhere in this number. It is the view of thousands of careful students of French conditions. The McAll halls and boats are carrying the Gospel to many, but to an almost infinitesimal proportion of those whom no such agency reaches. Their number must be indefinitely multiplied if France is to be saved.

Since M. Arnoux left Roubaix to take a pastoral position the Mission has been cared for (under Pastor Gounelle) by a number of supplies in succession. Early in September the post was permanently filled by M. C. Vautrin, a pastor who has devoted several years past to the evangelization of the northern part of France.

A number of changes have taken place in Marseilles. As was incidentally mentioned in our last number, one of the halls is to be given up for motives of economy. It is that of the rue de la République. M. Boyer, who was in charge of the work, has left the Mission, and Mlle Suzan, the former Bible woman, has been replaced by Mlle Cyboulle. The latter may be identified as the country school mistress who was converted during one of the early visits of *Le Bon Messager* to her town.



THE ALTERNATIVE

BY E. DOUMERGUE, D.D.

Professor in the Faculty of Theology in Montauban.

Certain habits are tenacious in proportion as they are senseless. One of these is the habit of shrugging the shoulders when anyone says "France will become Protestant or it will perish." Very well, let us not talk about the protestantization of France. Let us talk about what we see and touch.

France is divided into two parts and it is perishing from this division. On this point Catholics and free thinkers are absolutely of one mind. I think that no Protestant will find it necessary to dissent from the others in this matter.

The deeply drawn division between catholicism and free thought assuredly does not date from to-day, nor even from yesterday. But the cleavage has become deeper; it is more generally felt. It is like a wound which remains open instead of healing; irritation grows ever greater, and gangrene appears inevitable.

At the present moment this dualism finds expression in the great and growing rivalry between politicians. France needs a single mentality. This has always been the Catholic watchword, "One king, one law, *one faith*."\* It has become the watchword of free thought, "One republic, one lay law and one lay faith."† It is for this reason that the public cannot away with the congregations; that there is talk of suppressing the budget of public ownership and especially of establishing a governmental monopoly of instruction of the young.

Long ago Christ said that a nation divided against itself could not stand. And as catholicism has never been as much opposed to free thought as it is to-day, nor free thought as much opposed to catholicism, France, free thinking and Catholic, divided against itself is suffering. Prophets are saying, "The disease is mortal."

One thing is certain: that there is only one remedy. It is absolutely necessary that unity should once again be established

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\* There is a striking assonance in the expression in French, "un roi, une loi, une foi."—EDITOR.

† A law and faith of the laity, not ordained by the Church.—TRANS.

in France. And as it is becoming more and more evident that unity cannot be established by mutual tolerance and harmony between catholicism and free thought, it becomes increasingly evident that a salutary unity can be established only by the disappearance of one or the other, by the triumph of free thought over catholicism, or of catholicism over free thought.

Either victory, were it possible, would be fatal. Men can no longer live either without religion or without the liberty to think. Therefore either triumph is impossible. Both catholicism and free thought contain at once too many errors and too much truth. Neither can destroy the other; each can only exasperate the other.

All that I have thus far said is mere commonplace; axiomatic to every thoughtful and religious man.

What then is the conclusion? The conclusion is that logically France will succumb under the interminable conflict between catholicism and free thought unless she is able to rise to a higher conception of both, a conception which shall include the truths contained in each, freed from the errors of each, a conception equally satisfying to liberty and authority, to good sense and piety, to science and faith.

Such a conception can be none other than Christian, in the evangelical sense of the word. It is what we to-day understand by a Protestant conception.

So it is in vain that men shrug their shoulders; the bald fact remains: it is impossible not to think, at least, since one may not say it aloud: *If France must be united in order to survive* (and everyone is saying this to-day), *France will become Protestant or it will perish.*

—Selected.

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M. Tricot says that he has great repugnance to any attempt to reach barkeepers, "who grow fat on the tears of the wives and children of drunkards." Yet several times when he has overcome this repugnance he has met a rich reward. In one case he found an old woman, brought up a Protestant, who joyfully bought, not the New Testament which he offered her, but a Bible.

AN OUTSIDER'S VIEW OF FRENCH RELIGIOUS CONDITIONS

BY J. J. ALGER.

[From a long and interesting article in a recent number of the (English) *Fortnightly Review*, which under the title "Thirty Years in Paris" discusses the progress of thought, manners and ideals since the Franco-Prussian War, the following paragraphs are extracted. Evidently Mr. Alger, though for thirty years resident in Paris, was not in any vital way related with the religious life of the country. His picture of religious conditions is that of an intelligent, alert and sympathetic mind, entirely aloof from the things which it is considering. Such a picture has its value, even for those who study the same things from another view point and in another perspective.—EDITOR.]

Turning to religion, I may remark that if protestantism does not increase the wonder rather is that it should not decrease, for it is subject to two considerable sources of depletion. Mixed marriages are conditional on the children being brought up Catholics, and even one of the Waddingtons, who might have been considered sturdy Protestants, recently married a Catholic lady, of course under this condition.\* There are also conversions among the wealthy which may not unfairly be attributed to fashion, for it is not *bon ton* to be a Protestant. \* \* \* Nevertheless it is but right to say that the old bourgeois families, bankers and merchants for the most part, hold firmly to their ancestral faith, which is a point of honor even with some who care little for its dogmas.

The second clause of leakage for protestantism consists in open accessions to the *libres penseurs* (free thinkers), a cause which now operates more than formerly, for under the republic freethinking has become so to speak politically fashionable. In the Cabinet of 1879 there were no less than five Protestants, along with five real or nominal Catholics. The proportion has steadily fallen off, and in the present Cabinet, strongly anti-clerical as it is, there is not, I believe, a single one, for M. Camille Pelletan, though of Protestant ancestry, repudiates the

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\*The condition, however insisted upon by the Church of Rome, is being more and more ignored as intelligent Romanists see the limitations of Roman Catholic education and liberal Roman Catholics become indifferent to the authority of the Church. Our Mission furnishes many illustrations of both, especially of the latter.—EDITOR.

title. Protestants, however, continue to be numerous in proportion to the population in the legislature and the institute.

If protestantism is thus stationary catholicism is certainly losing ground. Of this civil funerals are a notable symptom. When Sainte Beuve in 1869 prescribed such a funeral it was unprecedented on the part of a prominent man. Civil funerals, if I may be allowed a pun on such a subject, are considered uncivil, a kind of affront to society. At Lyons, even in the earlier years of the republic, civil interments were limited by Prefect Ducros to the hour before sunrise. When Edgar Quinet died in 1875 the National Assembly sent no deputation to his non-Catholic funeral. When Michelet's remains were brought over for reinterment in Père-la-Chaise we saw the first imposing civil funeral. These have since become quite familiar. Gambetta, Victor Hugo, Louis Blanc, Zola, Renan—but not Littré, for his wife and daughter were staunch Catholics—have all been buried without the rites of the Church. The Archbishop of Paris had offered his ministrations to Victor Hugo, the reply being, "I reject the rites of all Churches, I ask for the prayers of all honest men," and people were surprised that Renan died without any attempt by a priest to obtain a recantation. Even now a President or ex-President could scarcely be interred civilly. Thiers, though notoriously a sceptic, and Carnot, who never went to mass and was understood to be a believer in transmigration, received Catholic rites. \* \* \* On the other hand, there are rigid free thinkers who refuse to go to religious funerals, and last December Rochefort, notwithstanding his political somersault in fraternizing with generals and nationalists against Dreyfus, actually dismissed two of his staff for attending one.

Even now civil marriages are extremely rare. Working-class couples who dispense with the priest usually dispense also with the mayor. The two daughters of Elisée Reclus have both acted thus. Jules Ferry's civil marriage in 1875 was thought to have barred all his chance of renewed official life. Nobody imagined that he could ever become Prime Minister and President of the Senate. His civil marriage had been a slight, if a slight it was, on protestantism rather than on catholicism, for his wife, like her sister, who civilly married Floquet, was of a

Protestant\* family. \* \* \* Simultaneously with the decline of catholicism there has sprung up an antipathy to Jews and Protestants, the Dreyfus case being the main but not the only cause.† There is not a single Jew in the Senate, nor is there one in the present Chamber. \* \* \* Formerly, indeed, Jules Simon, though of unmistakable Jewish physiognomy, and the son of a German Jew who after fighting under Napoleon had settled in Brittany, was never twitted with his origin. \* \* \* He was elected on the same day a life Senator and an Academician, thus being doubly what the French call an immortal. But of late years Jews and even Protestants have been vilified by the gutter press and by pamphleteers, as foreigners or quasi-foreigners. This feeling has been of gradual growth.‡ \* \* \* Waddington was Prime Minister without his English parentage and education being an impediment, but this could not happen with any foreigner now. Yet politicians are never twitted with marrying English wives, perhaps because the latter become thoroughly French, so French indeed that Paul Bert's Scotch widow, and I believe also Mme Duclaux (Mary Robinson, widow of Darmesteter), joined the French Boer committee.

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The hall in the rue d'Allemagne, Paris, has been given up, by economic necessity. It is hoped, however, that the work will be taken up by one of the neighboring churches, as has more than once been the case in the history of our retrenchments.

\* The passage shows how difficult it is, even for one so long familiar with French feeling, to appreciate the honest principle that underlies the refusal to be married by priest or minister; the loyalty to the Republic, that refuses any act which seems to indicate that the State is subordinate to the Church.—EDITOR.

† It was not a cause but an effect. From the time of Napoleon to that of Dreyfus, it was the proud boast of France that (unlike Germany and Russia) it had no Jewish question. The antipathy to Jews dates from the determination of the Roman Catholic party to restore the Bourbons to the throne. They sought to divert attention from this scheme by arousing anti-Semitic feeling.—EDITOR.

‡ And it is now almost a thing of the past. The anti-Semitic rage fomented by the ultramontane party (the Dreyfus Affair being simply means to that end) and the anti-Protestant campaign which ensued as its natural consequence are now swallowed up and forgotten in the bitterness of anti-clericalism. The tables have been turned.—EDITOR.

## MARSEILLES

Mix with the crowd, says M. de Grenier, that passes every Sunday in front of our hall on the Quai du Vieux Port, and get into conversation with these men. They will tell you that they take no interest in religion, that they do not believe in anything, that those who talk of God and religion are merely speculating on the credulity of the ignorant and weak-minded. But once those men are in the hall, see how attentively they listen, how astonished, how moved they are! None of them will leave in the same state of indifference as when he entered. They approve of "that religion;" they would like to believe in "that sort of a God," and many of them do believe. Lately in that hall the speaker had taken for his subject, "If you wish to know God, love Him." More than three hundred persons were listening, some in tears; and in the after meeting, to which about twenty-two stayed, six declared that they had found God in that hall, and five others, deeply moved, expressed their sincere desire to know Him. "Are you convinced now of the existence of God?" I asked a man who had boasted of his infidelity. "Yes." "And what proof have you?" "Proof? None. I know quite well that I cannot prove it, and yet each time I come in here I find it impossible to doubt but that He exists; it seems to me that He speaks to me, and I to Him." Others have used much the same language. Our Mission halls are the best classrooms for apologetics.

In this same hall a woman looked in as she strolled by, and a seat being offered her, with a pleasant smile of welcome, she sat down, intending to leave directly. She was interested, and sat on, only leaving when the last hymn was ended. Next Sunday she was there again, and soon her husband followed her, and both were brought to Christ, and now the two bring their neighbors, and their zeal and energy are most refreshing.

## HUNGER FOR THE WORD OF GOD.

A young woman, whom we were visiting, upon being asked why she was never present at the beginning of the meeting, replied, "I cannot stay the whole time, for my little boy is so nervous that he would begin to cry. So I walk him about in the fresh air, and when he is quiet I bring him in. It is true I miss the hymns, but I get the Bible lesson, and that lasts me for a

week, and then I come back the next Wednesday, and that does for another eight days." "But you have a Bible; why don't you read it between times?" "I only wish I could, but how am I to get a minute's quiet, with the little ones, and my husband, and the house, and all? I tell you what, if I did not tear round like anything I should never be able to manage even my Wednesdays. And hasn't it changed me, though! I think about God fifty times more than I used to."

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### A BIT OF HUGUENOT HISTORY

[Friends of the McAll Mission can never be too familiar with the glorious past of the French Protestants. The following story is of thrilling interest.—EDITOR RECORD.]

In the sixteenth century the counties of Foix and Comminges, in the latter of which the Mas d'Azil is situated, reverted to that pious princess, Jeanne d'Albret, wife of Antoine de Bourbon, and mother of Henri IV. A zealous Huguenot, Jeanne perceived the importance of such a stronghold as the Grotto dal Encantodas, a cave in the mountain near the Mas d'Azil, and she had it fortified by iron gates and palisades placed at either entrance. Under her sympathetic rule the valleys enjoyed peace and security. But the interval of security ceased when the dagger of Ravailac struck the King of Navarre and France, and when his minister, Sully, had no longer the power to protect his brother Protestants. The Edict of Nantes, granted by Henri IV in 1598, was believed to be the Magna Charta of the Huguenots, but that curious document, a mixture of fair promises and subtle distinctions, was in bad hands capable of being used to the injury of those whom it was planned to benefit. Year by year the unfortunate Calvinists found their rights restricted, their privileges denied, till, in the reign of Louis XIV, that instrument which began by a declaration that it was "perpetual and irrevocable," was declared by the Chancellor Letellier to be a "merely temporary arrangement;" and the king, under the influence of Père Lachaise, Louvois, and—to her shame be it said—Madame de Maintenon, signed the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. This was in 1685, and we must revert to the earlier part of the seventeenth

century for the wars and persecutions which led to the siege of the Mas d'Azil.

Under the iron rule of the relentless Richelieu, in 1625, the Protestant leaders were so wrought on by the cruel treatment of their brethren, that the Count de Soubise, brother of the Duke de Rohan, formed the audacious plan of seizing the royal fleet lying at La Rochelle. The cardinal at once embraced the opportunity furnished him by this unpatriotic and factious step, and declared a war of extermination against the disunited and terror-stricken Huguenots.

I do not attempt to speak of the great events which followed the repeal of the Edict of Nantes in 1689, or of the sieges and the sacking, with every incident of horror, of the towns of Montauban, Negrepelisse, Montpellier and others. It is with the Mas d'Azil I am concerned.

The Marshal de Thémine, having been defeated at Castres by the Duke de Rohan, received the royal orders at once to march upon the small stronghold of the Mas d'Azil, "that wasp's nest of heresy."

The Marquis of Thémine Cardaillac, Marshal of France, had a gallant little army of fifteen thousand men under his command, and his officers belonged to the noble houses of France.

The marshal, a headstrong, ferocious old man, either did not know the country, or selected the worst road, for he chose to follow the valley of the Lèze, thus entangling himself in serious difficulties. His errors proved providential for the Mas d'Azil.

The news of the approach of the Catholic army spread like wild-fire through the Huguenot valleys. The terrified inhabitants of the burgs and hamlets of Sabrat, Gâbre, Camarade, at once took refuge in the grotto, driving their cattle before them, and carrying with them all their available provisions. The women, the children and the old men were there placed in safety, and two hundred picked men, under the command of Captain de Robert, of Gâbre, were detached for their defence. The remainder of the fighting men joined the slender garrison of the town of Mas d'Azil. De Thémine's army continued its straggling advance till it was suddenly brought to a stand before the dangerous pass of Chamboünet. Here the mountain, rent in twain, with beetling crags on each side, afforded only



a passage for a mountain torrent, with a narrow track, overhung by precipices and blocked at intervals by huge bowlders. The approach of the marshal's army was watched by a stern old Huguenot peasant, whose homestead was on the heights above. John du Theihl knew that every hour of delay in the advance of the enemy was of vital importance to the Mas d'Azil, and so he called together his three sons and his three nephews, and these seven peasant heroes resolved to risk their lives in order to keep at bay for some hours the advancing army. They had seven muskets and a small provision of ammunition. Old du Theihl placed his kinsmen each in a post of vantage, and calmly awaited the enemy's approach. The vanguard of the leading regiment entered cautiously the gloomy pass. When sufficiently advanced du Theihl gave the signal, and seven muskets sent their deadly messengers into the crowded mass below. The soldiers fell back at the sight of their killed and wounded comrades. Their officers urged them on to the attack, but again and again there came fatal shots, no longer a volley but fired by solitary marksmen, now from one ledge, now from another, now from behind some huge bowlder. Thémine's officers could not estimate the strength of the defending party. The sun went down, darkness came on, and not a foot of advance had been made. But for the Mas d'Azil a respite of twenty-four hours had been obtained. At break of day a tremendous effort was made by the troops, but the unerring marksmen were still at their posts. The soldiers were so discouraged that the second day wore on without any progress being made. At eventide, on discovering that his supply of ammunition was nearly spent, the brave old Huguenot saw that further resistance was impossible, and desired his six kinsmen—only one of whom was then wounded—to effect their retreat by the high passes well known to these hardy mountaineers. In this retreat two of du Theihl's sons fell mortally wounded. These he saw carried to the desolate home, and then laid himself down to die by the side of his brave boys. The four surviving heroes reached the Mas d'Azil.

The following morning the Catholic forces with great difficulty succeeded in emerging from the pass, but only to encounter fresh difficulties, for the forty-eight hours of respite

had been skillfully used in the threatened town. The ramparts and bastions, which had fallen into decay, were repaired; men, women, and children had worked day and night; cattle and provisions had been collected, and the town was ready to meet its assailants. But Thémine had another Thermopylæ to pass before he reached Mas d'Azil. He found himself in the gloomy ravine of the Salenques, and again his eye met riven rocks, and high-piled bowlders, while the Arize rushed in ceaseless roar through the deep gullies. Above Salenques rose the small town of Les Bordes, rudely fortified, but having for its commandant Peter Peyrat, one of the trusted lieutenants of the Duke de Rohan. Peyrat determined to repeat the struggle of Chambounet, and with thirty picked men he led the way to the defiles, where at every coign of vantage he placed a hardy marksman, and for four-and-twenty hours the irate old marshal saw his progress arrested by these hidden foes. Man after man of the heroic thirty was shot down till with only five or six followers Peyrat made good his retreat to the eyrie of Les Bordes. There he gave orders for the immediate exodus of the whole population, and by wild mountain roads he conducted them in safety to the Mas d'Azil. When Thémine reached Les Bordes he found an immense furnace. Peyrat had set fire to the town, and clouds of smoke concealed the retreat of the peasants. The next day the marshal, abandoning the course of the Arize, and turning the still smoldering ruins of Les Bordes, carried his army by the dangerous ascent of Mont Calbêche to the heights of the Cap del Pouech, which overlook the Mas d'Azil on its western side. From the Cap del Pouech the ground descends in terraced slopes to the Arize, which forms a natural moat under the ramparts of the town. In those days a branch of the river formed another moat along the eastern wall, and a marshy swamp lay to the north. On the south the rocky bed of the river formed a difficult passage through deep gullies to the entrance of the grotto, where the stores of the now beleaguered city had been placed. Within its walls were five hundred fighting men, with d'Amboix as commandant, and Peter Peyrat, of Les Bordes, a hot-headed old soldier named Escatch, and a burly blacksmith, Valette, as subordinate leaders. The marshal encamped the larger part of his infantry on the

slopes of the Cap del Pouech, and placed his artillery lower down; bodies of picked men and the cavalry were posted elsewhere.

Thémine's first plan was to gain possession of the grotto. Chosen troops, under a daring officer, were ordered to move along the gullies, to scale the rocks, and to carry the entrance by assault. But de Robert was on his guard; his few men were judiciously placed, and strict orders were given that they should reserve their fire till the vanguard of the struggling and panting troops had reached the abyss below. Then a murderous fire was poured on them from the surrounding cliffs. The Huguenots seem to have had a falconet, which was efficiently handled. As the Royalist troops lost heart and gave way, huge masses of rock were hurled down, crushing all beneath them. The panic-stricken assailants fled, leaving in the gloomy gullies a large number of dead, among whom tradition reckons the young Duke of Ayen. The attack had failed, and de Thémine withdrew his troops; but later on he succeeded in cutting off all communication between the town and the grotto. And now, with all its suffering, all its horrors, the siege of the Mas d'Azil began. Outside were fifteen thousand trained soldiers under a marshal of France; inside were five hundred peasants; but the Lord was on their side, and they feared not what man could do.

Day after day Thémine's cannon thundered against the battlements. Too often a breach was made, and an assault had to be repulsed, but never without loss of life to the scanty garrison. Under the cover of darkness the women and children gave their help to repair the havoc wrought in the crumbling battlements. During the long and anxious hours of the day they assembled in the temple to prepare lint for the wounded, while their voices were heard amid the din of battle raised to the Lord of Hosts. As the sound of chant or psalm reached the ramparts male voices took up the chorus, sending a thrill akin to admiration through the foemen's ranks. By the couch of the wounded, of the dying, the noble-minded Pastor Peter Ollier spoke words of comfort, and when he could be spared from this supreme duty he joined the humble congregation in the temple. As the siege dragged on day by day the garrison counted fewer fighting men, and as the communications with

the grotto were cut off it was too clear that they would soon run short of provisions. Worst of all, divided counsels among the leaders began to show their evil effects. As soon as the Duke de Rohan learnt the state of affairs he determined to send de Blanchard, one of his favorite officers, with orders to throw himself into the town and assume the chief command. At the head of some two hundred men, de Blanchard contrived to get behind de Thémine's lines, and, aided by a dark night, he dashed through the besiegers' camp and made good his entrance into the town. But ammunition as well as provisions were fast failing, and the position was well-nigh desperate. Another appeal was made to the Duke de Rohan, who, at last roused to the critical position of his brother Huguenots, took further measures for their relief. Among others he ordered Duso, whose wife and mother were in the besieged city, to proceed to its assistance. Duso, at the head of three hundred sturdy Cevenols, dashed across the wild hill country between Pamiers and the Mas d'Azil. Late one evening he stood on the lofty crags which overhang that entrance to Las Encantadas, next the town; at his feet was the battered and famished city. Duso gathered his men round him. In few words, but with significant gestures, he pointed to the doomed town, where friends, kinsmen, brothers, were expecting their fate. Would they risk their lives in a supreme attempt to succor the Mas d'Azil? If so, but one path was possible. It was the Roman road, the Solitaire, perilous in the extreme, as only one man could find footing at a time; but from his childhood Duso knew the track, he could act as their guide, if with cautious footsteps and in complete silence they would follow. Three hundred heads bent in assent; each man looked to his arms, drew his garments tighter about him, and nerved himself for the giddy descent.

And now came a new and powerful ally—from the lofty summits of the Pyrenees, from the crags of Foix, from the heights of D'Urban and Pailhès, the tawny storm-clouds came rolling on. Before them danced and flitted the wreaths of white vapor so much dreaded by our mountaineers. The last rays of the setting sun for one moment gilded the vast array of clouds slowly creeping over the Mas d'Azil; then came the wind, sweeping at first in fitful gusts, but with ever-increasing

violence; the distant growl of the thunder was heard in the valleys; the darkness was only relieved by gleams of lightning, and big rain-drops began to fall. In this wild tumult of the elements Duso began his perilous advance. He reached the rocky platform and then mustered and counted his followers. One alone was missing; he had fallen mid-way, dazzled, it was supposed, by a flash of lightning, into the deep gully, where in recent times fragments of his morion have been found. Duso halted his men to receive the password. "Botsets et Sene" was whispered to him. And again, at the head of his men, he dashed forward along the river-bed, impeded as it was by boulders, and with the waters of the Arize already swollen by the storm.

There was not a moment to be lost; the sturdy Cevenols rushed through the foaming waters. They surprised and slew the first sentry; a second shared his comrade's fate; the third discharged his firelock, but Duso and his men had already reached the islet in the Arize, still called l'Isle du Moulin, opposite to which was a postern gate. Duso guided his men to a little-known ford, and they rushed through the fast-rising waters, which reached their corslets. They gain the postern, and the password is given by their leader. The wary Huguenot sentinel hesitates; he fears some stratagem. Fortunately, St. Blanchard was standing near, and knew Duso's voice. The gate was opened, and the undaunted Cevenols stand at last in the old street which still bears the name of "The Goths." Unheeding their drenched garments and their exhausting march they proceed at once to the temple, to thank on bended knee the God of their fathers. Meanwhile, dire confusion reigned in the Royalist camp; torrents of water rushed down the sides of the Cap del Pouech, sweeping all before them; huts and tents had been laid low by the wind and hail; ammunition and provisions were destroyed; and the officers had lost all control over their terrified men. The cavalry camp suffered even more, for the plains were converted into a swamp, in which men and horses floundered. During the night, as is usual in our Pyrenean ranges, the storm subsided. But it was no cheerful prospect which met the marshal's eye when daylight broke. His scouts reported serious damage, and many obstructions on the line of retreat; and messenger after messenger brought tidings of the victorious advance of the Duke de Rohan.

But the stubborn old marshal was not yet baffled. Calling together his officers, he ordered an immediate and general assault. The army was to be divided into three columns, and simultaneous attacks were to be made on the three weakest points of the ramparts. Mounted on his war horse, Thémine, from the heights of Brusquette, gave the signal to advance. The soldiers, suffering from cold and hunger, had lost all heart; they had to be driven forward; they saw new defenders—of whom the number was exaggerated—manning the walls. Yet the assaults were given, and at each point a deadly combat ensued. The Huguenots and the Cevenols fought for dear life. The women on this tremendous day fought side by side with their husbands, fathers, sons. And at last the Royal troops, losing all heart, gave way, and a great slaughter followed.

And again the clouds gathered, and the signs of tempest were renewed, till the fierce rage of the elements and the complete failure of this last attack subdued the old marshal, and he gave orders for a retreat, knowing, too, that de Rohan was threatening his line of communication, and that further delay might be fatal.

So when the sun rose after this second night of storm it shone on the banners of the retreating foe, as they disappeared through the defiles of the Cabaret, and from the now victorious city went forth the shout of triumph, and in the temple praise was given to the Lord of Hosts.

—*Selected.*

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A colporteur, passing along one of the exterior boulevards, which on certain days are a veritable Vanity Fair such as Bunyan dreamed, addressed an old woman at the entrance to a *guingette*, or low dancing garden, rather expecting to be sent away with profane words, if with nothing worse. To his surprise the woman said, "Is it possible, sir, that you bring Bibles to this stamping ground of anarchists and apaches?" Lowering her voice she added, "If the owners were here you would be ill received; I am only their tenant who look after the place while they are gone. Sell me a Bible, please, I knew it when I was young."

**A FEW BOAT INCIDENTS**

A somewhat amusing incident took place at the village of C. M. Dautry thus describes it: The day following our arrival, at 8 p. m., we had the visit of the village constable, who was accompanied by the gamekeeper of the Baron X., who summoned us to remove within half an hour the stakes that we had driven in on his property, to which to fix the ropes holding the boat. I had done what I always do, obtained the permission of the tenant to thus fastening the boat, but the Baron as landlord insisted on our removing the posts. I at once complied, being able to anchor the boat securely without changing its place. I then informed the constable that it was done; and that he could inform the Baron that I had complied with his demand. "He knows it already, for he has been watching you from behind the hedge!"

But that was not all, for, unable to make us move away from his property, the Baron tried to induce the head engineer to force us to quit. He replied that none of his men had made any complaint, and so he should do nothing. Then the gentleman made an exhaustive inquiry among the people, hotel keepers and others, to try to find some reason to drive us off, but he was met by amused indifference, and by many proofs of the sympathy that we enjoyed among them. So he turned to the mayor, a gentleman residing in Paris, who comes down every Saturday to look after his people. It was late, eleven o'clock, and he got no help from his worship, who declared that everything was in order and that he had given the usual permission for the meetings to be held, and he advised his friend to go home and sleep quietly and to trouble no more in the matter. But all that week the Baron was busy trying to induce the men on the canal to send in unfavorable reports against us, but all to no purpose.

Then a bright idea struck him, and he resolved to have a series of lectures to draw away our audience, but he could find no one to come and speak. Bravely, the gentleman threw himself into the breach, and announced that he would give a lecture in the village hall, and it was placarded all over the place, the title being "L'Idéal Français." The people could not think what was the reason for this new departure, and the evening of

the lecture a large gathering assembled, which did not, however, make much difference to our meeting. After spending twenty minutes in trying to constitute his "bureau" according to the law, the Baron began his lecture, but was grieved at the inattention of many of his hearers, and upon his making some unfavorable references to the boat, the secret was out, and the meeting became decidedly noisy. He then asked those who were not interested in his lecture to leave, whereon a man, a small farmer, called out, "Well, old fellow, if all those went out who don't much care for your talk, you would not have many left to listen!" A few minutes later he gave up the task of trying to hold his audience, and closed the meeting, saying, with pathetic voice, "I had hoped to have given you a series of lectures, but I see I must give it up."

The only result was that many people kept a grudge against the Baron because he had made them miss one of the meetings on the boat. That was all the harm he did.

Writing of the work in the village of Combleux, the month following the visit to the above-named village of C., M. Escande\* says: "On reaching Combleux, what was not my joy in finding in Mme. Dautry and her sister two of my first pupils in the Mission school that I opened in 1882 in Montpellier. It made me feel old, but very happy, to find that the wife of the captain of one of the Mission boats was, if not a fruit, at least a scholar of one of its provincial stations. The season makes the meetings smaller, as the people are toiling early and late in the fields, but we had most interesting gatherings. I spoke for five evenings on the following subjects: The Misery of Man; The Cause; Is there a Remedy? What is the Remedy? and the two stories of the rich young man, 'All for salvation, and yet—lost;' and the dying thief, 'All for perdition, and yet—saved.' Several came regularly from Orléans to the meetings, and on Whitsunday and Monday we had crowds of visitors all day long coming to ask questions and to see what the boat was like.

"I could say much about the friendly feeling of the people there. Strolling along the canal bank one felt quite at home.

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\* M. Escande is the returned Missionary spoken of on page 2. He is a native of the Cevennes region, not very far from Montpellier.



The people in their houses and gardens greeted you warmly, asked you to come in for a chat, and were glad of a talk; and the children ran after one, and were as friendly as possible."

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That the impression made by the visits of the boat is not easily effaced, the following facts, contributed by M. Cerisier, will show:

"The most interesting incident at Luzancy was that some of our devoted friends from Crouttes, all Catholics, came over to ask us to be with them to attend the funeral of an aged man. We gladly accepted the invitation, as it had been formally decided by the family of the deceased that the funeral was to be a religious one.

"At the house and at the cemetery I read the Scriptures, and in fact conducted the service as we always do, trying to be as simple as possible, that all might understand what I said. There were about one hundred persons present, and it was quite an event in the village. Many came to thank me for what I had said, amongst them the mayor of the place. Our friends said that in future they should always ask us to come from the boat on such occasions, and the paper, *L'Avenir de l'Aisne*, the organ of the freethinkers, referred to the funeral in entirely sympathetic terms."

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"When at Saacy," wrote Mr. Anderson, "I heard that some of the people who attended our meetings at Chierry meet together from time to time in the inn, Mme Jourdan's 'Tir a la Carabine,' and spend the evening in singing hymns and in reading the Bible and tracts.

"While at Charly, walking about the lanes to give away tracts and Gospels, I met a woman returning from the market at Charly and offered her a tract, asking her if she knew of the meetings on board the boat. 'Oh, yes,' was the answer. 'Eight years ago the boat was at Nanteuil, and I made the acquaintance of Captain and Mrs. Pim, and attended the meetings.' She said that at her house the Bible, hymn-book, and tracts had been well used during the past eight years, and that the tracts had been read many times; also that the organist of the Catholic

Church, having a copy of the hymn-book with the music, he and she and their friends often sing the hymns that they had learned on the boat."

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Pastor and Mrs. Guibal are carrying on, with no little self-sacrifice, the work at Lagny-sur-Marne, a fruit of the *Bon Messager*. That the work is not without its rewards is evident from the following incident, reported by M. Guibal:

"Last year I told you of a lady, a teacher in the Paris Board Schools, who had been led to the light through our hall here, and who has been a faithful servant of the Lord Jesus. Shortly after I had written, the daughter, twenty-four years of age, led to Christ by her mother, desired to join our Church. We could not keep them long amongst us, as the daughter was appointed teacher in a village entirely Roman Catholic, and mother and daughter had to go and live there. Living next door to the schoolmaster, he used to hear them singing their hymns at their evening worship. He asked them why and what they sang, and so they invited him and his wife to join them at their family prayers, and ever since they meet regularly to read the Word of God together. I cannot tell you how much this faithful testimony of these two converts of our little Lagny hall has touched me and cheered me."

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Several changes have been made in various parts of the Mission field. M. and Mme Corby have been transferred from Saint Yrieix to Saint Nazaire, and their place is taken by M. Canet, who was lately married. Pastor Farnac has given up the work in Saint Quentin.

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A pleasant story is told of an evangelist of our Mission, who in the course of his itinerating work among remote country villages and hamlets is often alone upon the road at a late hour of the night. He was advised not to take such risks without being armed, whereupon he bought a dog. "You see," he said, "I myself am principled against self-defence, but Cæsar is not a Christian!"

## FAITH AND SORCERY IN THE HILLS OF FRANCE

LOUISE SEYMOUR HOUGHTON.

[The remarkable story of the revival in the Corrèze was told several years ago in *THE RECORD*. Our readers will no doubt be interested to learn a little more about these people. The fact that the Correziens, and other peasants in remote districts in France, believe in sorcery is not particularly surprising. Among our Pennsylvania Dutch, our Southern "crackers," as well as among our negroes, similar beliefs prevail, and are devoutly considered a part of religion, just as they are in France. The singular, and most lamentable fact is that in these remote parts of France the Church lends itself to these superstitious practices, and reaps financial profit thereby.—EDITOR.]

One of the most interesting moments in the recent religious history of France is the revival in the Corrèze. The story has more than once been told, but it will bear a brief retelling by way of introduction—and contrast—to another story of the Corrèze, the appeal to sorcery still practiced by its peasantry.

Corrèze is an extremely picturesque hill region in the middle south of France, in the old department of Limousin. It is a high breezy region, richly watered with streams and with a wealth of springs and waterfalls, one at least of these being four hundred feet high. The far horizons are closed by noble mountains, on the northwest the Limousin range, eastward the strange volcanic domes and extinct craters of old Auvergne, and far to the south the giant rampart of the Pyrenees. Although a railroad traverses the region, the people are for the most part very secluded in their valley and hill villages, and hence they retain many of the sturdy virtues, many of the ignorant superstitions, of the sequestered mountain people of former centuries.

One of the Corrèzian villages, hidden away in the high valley, is Madranges. Here, ten years ago, there was no church; the devout Roman Catholic people felt it no hardship to cross the mountain, whatever the cold or snow of that high watershed between the Garonne and the Loire, to attend the church in the next valley. The children, too, must needs cross the mountains for their weekly "catechism," which their devout mothers would by no means have them miss. They had done this for generations; they felt it no hardship.

It must be said of the parish priesthood of France that for the most part it is composed of hard working, kind hearted men, living sparingly on their very slender stipends, that they may have the more to give the poor; devoted to the interests of their people, sharing with them toil and hardship, faithful shepherds, so far as they have light, of the flocks entrusted to their care. But there are exceptions, and the priest who ten years ago was over the parish which includes Madranges was one of these; selfish and domineering, indifferent to the needs and careless as to the circumstances of his people. For some reason which it is hard to divine, about that time he took it into his head to appoint a very early hour for the weekly "catechism," so early that the children from Madranges could only attend by rising at four in the morning, and crossing the mountain before daylight. Not only did they suffer from the early morning cold, but as winter drew on they ran great risk of wandering from the path covered by newly fallen snow.

The parents begged the priest to appoint a later hour, but in vain. The fathers would have accompanied their children, but then they would be too late at work; the mothers could not go, for the younger children and the house work kept them at home. It was to some of these mothers, deeply concerned for the religious welfare of their children, that the idea occurred to appoint a formal deputation from their number, to wait upon the priest and set the case fully before him. All in vain; the priest remained unmoved.

Then these mothers uprose in their righteous indignation and declared that neither should their children be exposed to the risk of perishing in the snow on the mountain, nor of perishing eternally for want of their religious rights. They appointed another deputation—it was of fathers this time—and sent them over the hills to a more distant valley where, they had heard, was a Protestant pastor. They knew little or nothing of protestantism. If they had ever heard it spoken of it was in terms of opprobrium. But any religion, they felt, was better than none, and the man of religion who would meet their needs, whether he were called priest or pastor, was the man for them.

These fathers were ignorant peasants; neither they nor the wives who sent them knew how to frame a petition; but some-

how, in their poor mountain patois, they could speak their desire, and they were resolved to take no denial.

No denial was offered them. This country pastor was poor and overworked, his flock widely scattered among the hills; but he was moved by the stammered appeal. He consented to add one more to his toilsome journeys by going once a week to Madranges to teach the children religion. There was no church there and if there was a school house it would not be opened to the pastor for such a purpose, but in one poor kitchen or another the children came together and were taught. The mothers, catching some of the gracious words, hurried through their work to attend this strange new "catechism;" the fathers, hearing of it from the mothers, managed in some way to exchange a few words with the pastor on the road. A revival broke out which embraced nearly every member of the community. And then, out of the abundance of their poverty, they resolved to have a church of their own. By what incredible sacrifices they accomplished it, who can say? But it is now several years since the beautiful little Protestant "temple" of Madranges was dedicated, and the people have their own pastor, and the light from that church is streaming far and wide into the valleys of Corrèze. The revival which began in Madranges swept all over the department, and its deep and permanent influence abides in many a village and mountain hamlet.

Still, there are regions as yet untouched by the revival, and the dense superstition in which the people of these regions are enwrapped seems all the darker because of the light that shines elsewhere. Many of the crude imaginations and superstitious practices of ancient paganism still cling to these people after sixteen centuries of Christianity. The Church of Rome has baptized the old pagan deities with the names of Christian saints, and has been content to use, without ever seeking to remove, the old pagan practices.

Few travelers in France, few French people of intelligence, even, who have not made a special study of the question, are aware how deeply these old pagan beliefs and customs are rooted to-day in the lives of the peasantry of the remoter and more sequestered districts. Corrèze is not the only department in which the practice of sorcery is an integral element in the

religious belief of Roman Catholics, or in which the sorcerer has almost equal part in their daily life with the priest. While I am writing these words the morning paper brings to my desk a cabled paragraph telling that, within eighteen miles of Paris a man, charged with manslaughter, and admitting the charge, has pleaded in defence that the victim was a sorcerer and had laid grievous spells upon him, *and has been acquitted by a jury on that plea.* Each district has its own superstitions, and those of Corrèze are not more ignorant, nor more absurd, than those of many another. They are especially interesting, perhaps, as offering many analogies to the superstitions of our Southern negroes, and like them, are held in connection with a most devout allegiance to their church. The Corrèzians, at least, have no suspicion that sorcery and magic are not essential features of the Roman Catholic faith.

Like the negro voodoo or hoodoo, most of these superstitions centre around illness, and, especially in Corrèze, around the maladies of children. All such maladies are comprehended in one general term, *naudja*, and when a child becomes ill, the first question is, which saint has laid the *naudja* upon it. The whole question of cure centres in this discovery, for cure is to be found only in the miracle working spring of the saint from whose *naudja* the child is suffering.

Therefore the sorceress is hastily called. There are probably several in the region, some with a more distinguished reputation for "casting the sort" than others. She arrives and finds the poor cabin crowded with sympathizing neighbors, in the midst of them the cradle or crib of the little sufferer. All the women who propose to take part in the ceremony have on the mantles and hoods which are the invariable holiday wear of the women of the department.

The ceremony now begins. Four large candles (*Chandelles*—altar candles) are produced. They are as nearly alike as possible and have been blessed by the parish priest at the festival of the *Chandeleur*, or as the peasants often call it, of Our Lady of the Sun. The sorceress attaches one candle to each of the four posts or corners of the crib, and proceeds to baptize each with the name of a saint who is the patron or patroness of a miraculous spring. Then the candles are lighted, the assisting

women, rosary in hand, take positions, each before a candle, and "recite their chaplet," a prayer for each bead. The sorceress meanwhile, and all the bystanders, are engaged in watching the candles, for the one that burns out first—and there will probably not be a minute between them—is that of the saint who has laid the *naudja* upon the child.

The first act finished and the sorceress rewarded and dismissed, it is now the turn of the priest, who must say a mass before the mother carries her child to the miraculous fount. But she may not pay for this mass with money earned; it must be money begged. And so the sick child suffers on as best it may, while the mother, putting on now the black mantle, which every self-respecting peasant woman keeps carefully in her chest for funeral processions, she sets out, cup in hand, upon her quest. At each door she knocks, and then, on bended knee she asks in her mountain *patois* "an alms for the mass necessary for the success of the pilgrimage of her child, suffering with the *naudja* of saint" such-a-one.

Fortunately the peasant people are kindly hearted, and the baby is not left long to languish for its mother. The *besace* is soon filled with coppers, the mass is paid for and said, and the third act begins. With her sick child in her arms, and a bundle of food and other necessaries over her shoulder, the mother sets out on foot, whatever the weather, whatever the distance. Arrived at the designated spring, she undresses the poor baby, burning with fever or shivering with cold, and having put a new coin in its little right hand, she plunges the child three times in the cold water of the spring. If the child lets fall the money into the spring, the saint has condescended to permit a cure; if not, the saint has not been moved to pity, the banning *naudja* is not removed, and the little one must die. In either case the mother, racked with grief or overflowing with gratitude, dresses the child in new garments, never before worn, and leaving the old clothes beside the spring she carries the little one home. Happily, the *Corrèzian* children are of a sturdy stock, and do not always die of this heroic treatment. What with the new coin, the cast-off clothes and the mass money, the Church loses nothing by the process.

If the candles burn out so simultaneously as not to afford

a certain indication, the sorceress has another arrow in her quiver. A large bowl of water being produced, she places it between her knees, and sitting beside the hearth throws into it burning coals from the fire, giving to each the name of a saint. The first coal that floats is that of the saint of the *naudja*.

This is the religious and mental condition of people who for generations have been under the tutelage of the Roman Church. Is it any wonder that, as school education is taken out of the hands of the priests, the people, all over France, are casting away their faith along with their superstitions? Wherever protestantism penetrates, as it is doing in *Corrèze*, and in the regions where *colporteurs* and Mission boats and automobiles are carrying it, the people eagerly embrace the new teaching of "a religion of freedom and earnestness." But French Protestants are comparatively few and poor, and the great danger now confronting France is that her people, having thrown off Romanism, and found nothing to take its place, their hearts will be left empty, swept and garnished for the entrance of atheism.

—*Christian Work and the Evangelist.*

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In the course of his work as *colporteur* M. Tricot called on a young woman who declined to buy a Testament, but so timidly and with such heightened color that he wondered at her emotion. Entering into conversation he learned that the husband was out of work, and looking for employment. "Is this why you refused to buy the Testament, Madame?" he asked. "Yes, sir," was the reply, "for I have been a Christian since my childhood, and I know there is no better book than that." "In that case," said M. Tricot, "it is my duty to give you one." The woman joyfully accepted the gift, and while they were talking an older woman and two little girls came in. "They are my mother and children," said the woman, "but you can go on talking about God, for it was my mother who taught me to love Him." Here in this sequestered place were two women, loving and for long years serving the Lord Jesus, without even possessing a copy of the Gospels! One of the great privileges of our work is to bring the Bible to such.



## HOME DEPARTMENT

[Secretaries of Auxiliaries are earnestly requested to contribute to this department.]

Fortunately for our Auxiliary the visit of  
**Buffalo** M. Merle d'Aubigné included a Sabbath,  
when he preached in Buffalo pulpits both  
morning and evening.

M. Merle d'Aubigné reached the "Queen City of the Lakes" late Saturday afternoon, after viewing Niagara through the rain, and he was guest while here at the beautiful home of Mrs. R. J. Sherman, one of the Vice-Presidents of the Auxiliary, who gave a dinner party in his honor Saturday evening. On Monday afternoon he was entertained at the Ministers' Meeting, and on Monday evening, March 21st, addressed a meeting in the North Presbyterian Church, with an audience of about 400, among whom were many representative men.

The French and American flags were crossed in front of the pulpit, graced with the white lily of France.

Young lady ushers wore little French flags as badges, and the Marseillaise hymn was played for the offertory.

The collection amounted to \$28.00.

The address of the evening on the "Present Religious Crisis in France" was strong, thoughtful and forceful. In conclusion, the McAll Mission was touched upon as peculiarly fitted for the present religious need of France.

The Buffalo Auxiliary feels the added dignity and interest such a Christian gentleman and scholar gives to the cause.

On the following Saturday the annual meeting occurred, when about sixty met for the annual election and reports. These reports showed no cause for discouragement, the Treasurer reporting \$515.19, the largest amount Buffalo has ever given the McAll in a year; the Secretary reporting interesting and well attended meetings, fifteen new managers and fifty new members.

ANNE E. BURROWS, *Secretary*.

The above interesting report, received too late for the April RECORD and by some mischance mislaid, should have appeared in October. It has, however, lost none of its value by delay.—EDITOR.

The following suggestive outline of Mission studies to be enjoyed by the New York Auxiliary this winter, is printed in the hope that it may prove an incentive to other auxiliaries to insure interesting meetings by careful preparation:

- DECEMBER 7—"The Work this Side the Sea: An Historical Study"—Mrs. Charles H. Parkhurst.
- JANUARY 4—"The Child of the New York Auxiliary: A Study of Salle Rivoli"—Mrs. George Soltau.
- FEBRUARY 1—"A McAll Journey through Paris: A Geographical Study"—Mrs. Francis Jordan.
- MARCH 1—"Boat Work: A Study in Modern History"—Mrs. Eliphalet Williams Tyler.
- APRIL 5—"French Highways and Byways: A Study of the Provinces"—Miss Miriam Augusta Walker.

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### RECEIPTS OF THE AMERICAN McALL ASSOCIATION FROM AUXILIARIES AND CHURCHES

SEPTEMBER 20, TO OCTOBER 16, 1904

MASSACHUSETTS, \$116.95		NEW JERSEY, \$320.25	
Andover Auxiliary . . . . .	\$91 95	Elizabeth Auxiliary . . . . .	\$31 50
Easthampton " . . . . .	25 00	Morristown " . . . . .	131 25
CONNECTICUT, \$244.70		Newark " . . . . .	105 00
Norwich Auxiliary . . . . .	\$241 58	Orange " . . . . .	52 50
Plantville Cong'l Church . . . . .	3 12	PENNSYLVANIA, \$62.50	
NEW YORK, \$211.00		Pittsburgh—Mrs. Mary Davison	
New York Auxiliary . . . . .	\$210 00	Reed . . . . .	\$5 00
New Rochelle " . . . . .	1 00	Philadelphia Auxiliary . . . . .	57 50
		MARYLAND, \$78.75	
		Baltimore Auxiliary . . . . .	\$78 75

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### FORM OF BEQUEST FOR PERSONAL ESTATE.

I do give, devise and bequeath to the American McAll Association the sum of \_\_\_\_\_ dollars.

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### FORM OF BEQUEST FOR REAL ESTATE.

I do give and devise to the American McAll Association the following described property.

# AMERICAN McALL ASSOCIATION

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It is a work of love and charity, in behalf of the McAll Mission in France, and is a beautiful way of doing good. The story is a pleasant one and is made the means of bringing out the useful work of the boat by which the McAll Mission carries a pure Gospel on the rivers and canals of France. Every reader of the book will help on the excellent work of the McAll Mission.—*The Observer.*

The fairness with which the Roman Catholic situation in rural France is stated adds great value to this unpretending work.

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A charming narrative of gospel work among the peasants and artisans of France. Not since apostolic days has just such a work been done. The good news of a free salvation by unpurchased grace is thus being spread among the millions of a nominally Christian country. In the course of these ministrations, the bigoted priest and the sympathetic curé, the loquacious atheist and the furious anarchist, the curious "bourgeoise" and the superstitious "gens de la campagne" all appear. It is long since we have read any work so exalting the Bible as "the power of God unto salvation." As the incidents are all from real life, Mrs. Houghton having made more than one trip upon these mission boats, it might be well for those who insist that "there is no drunkenness in France" to read what one sees who goes freely among the working people. The little book is valuable for the family table and invaluable for the Sunday-school library.—*The Interior.*

Price, 50 cents a copy. Postage, eight cents.

May be ordered from the Bureau,

1710 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.